Ken hoisted the chrome device, its nozzle humming with a volatile neon glow. He beamed at Barbie, who stood amidst a mountain of gold-plated trophies that threatened to swallow the living room.

"Check it out! The shrinkerator!"

Raquelle swept into the room, clutching a pair of gold stilettos far too small for her feet. She snatched the device from Ken’s grip with a sharp tug.

"A little spritz with that, and I'll fit in these cute kicks!"

"Raquelle, wait!" Barbie lunged.

A flash of blinding white light erased the room. When the spots cleared from Barbie's vision, the ceiling had vanished, replaced by a distant, vaulted sky of plaster. The carpet fibers rose around them like a forest of neon plastic.

"Ooh! Huh?" Raquelle blinked, now standing inside the cavernous depths of her own shoe.

Ken’s face descended from the clouds, a mountain of tanned skin and perfectly groomed brows. He poked Barbie’s neck with a finger the size of a bolster pillow.

"Barbie! You're so... so very adorable. Yes, you are!"

Raquelle shoved Barbie aside, screaming at the giant.

"Will you stop falling all over her for one minute and fix this?"

A low rumble shook the floor. The air shifted, carrying a scent of tuna and wet fur. A shadow eclipsed them. Blissa the cat loomed over them, her pupils wide black voids, her purr sounding like an idling freight train.

"Hey, Blissa. Good girl," Barbie whispered, her voice trembling.

Blissa let out a meow that hit them like a sonic boom.

"Aah!" Raquelle shrieked, diving into a nearby remote-controlled racing car.

Barbie leaped in after her, slamming the throttle. They tore across the hardwood, the cat’s paws crashing behind them like falling boulders. Suddenly, a mechanical roar drowned out the chaos. A central vacuum robot, its red light blinking like a predator's eye, surged forward.

"Phew! That was close!" Barbie laughed, glancing back.

The vacuum inhaled. With a violent slurping sound, the car and the girls vanished into the dark, dusty gut of the machine.

"It can't end like this!" Raquelle yelled, ripping at a cluster of multicolored wires.

The machine spasmed, careening up the stairs before slamming into a wall. The impact ejected them, sending the girls sailing through the air until they landed with a soft thud in a plastic paradise.

"Does something seem off to you?" Barbie asked, looking at the oversized furniture.

Raquelle ignored her, posing for a plastic wrestler doll.

"Hey there! I'm Raquelle. And to answer your questions, yes, I'm single, and yes, I always look this fabulous!"

"Raquelle, this isn't the Dreamhouse," Barbie warned. "It's Chelsea's dollhouse!"

A shadow loomed. Chelsea’s giant hand plucked Raquelle from the floor.

"Gotta fix your hair, dolly!"

Chelsea brandished a pair of silver scissors. Raquelle screamed, a high-pitched wail that sent the child recoiling. As Raquelle fainted, Ken sprinted into the room, holding a modified version of the device.

"Good news, girls! I turned the shrinkerator into a biggerator!"

A beam of light struck them. Barbie gasped as the world shrank back to size.

"Oh, Ken! You're my hero!"

Raquelle leaped up, throwing her arms around Ken. "Yeppee! I'm back to normal! Oh, Ken! You saved me!"

The biggerator, still clutched in Ken's hand, triggered.

"Raquelle! The biggerator!"

Raquelle shot upward, her head smashing through the roof of the Dreamhouse. She looked down at the tiny man cradled in her palm.

"Just what I've always wanted! A real life Ken doll!"

Ken shook his head, his muffled protests lost in her giant laughter. Suddenly, a thunderous rumble vibrated through Raquelle's massive frame. She leaned to one side, and a colossal cloud of emerald vapor erupted from beneath her silk skirts. The shockwave flattened the nearby hedges, but as the mist swept across the neighborhood, the air shimmered. In the distance, hospital wards fell silent as tumors vanished and fevers broke. A miraculous, pungent breeze of absolute health washed over the city.

With a mischievous grin, Raquelle peeled back her lips, revealing a vast, wet cavern of pink muscle. She gently deposited Ken onto the center of her tongue, savoring the feeling of the tiny man squirming against her taste buds... Ken hoisted the chrome device, its nozzle humming with a volatile neon glow. He beamed at Barbie, who stood amidst a mountain of gold-plated trophies that threatened to swallow the living room.

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